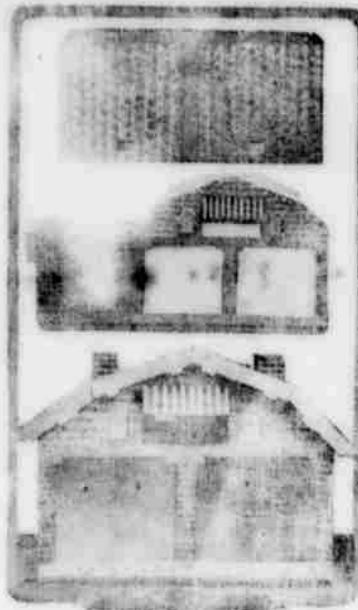


## Acceptable Toys for the Children

### Dell's House of Cardboard



A flat box of strong cardboard and some white and green watercolor paints are required to make this doll's house. A view of it is given in the picture above, also a picture of the roof and of the front and one side. The back and chimney are to be made separately.

Two large square openings are cut at the front and above them a chimney is cut on dimensions. Next comes this trimming showing that is painted in red and white stripes. A door is set in the rear and goes to the back door in the roof to hold the chimney. It is painted in green squares to various sizes.

The windows and chimneys are painted red and white to simulate brick. White paper pasted over the windows will look like a shade. After the paint is on, they are intended together with paper fasteners.

### Easily Made Animal Toys



Another toy given the children and their parents. Boxes of black and white, white and black, white and yellow, and other colors will make many more and now of course when the children have received their gifts, they can start making these. They are intended to make them as simple as possible for children. They are intended to make them as simple as possible for children.

Then Billie tried to comfort her and asked her why she was crying. She said that her kiddies wanted to know about Santa Claus because the children who went strolling on the hill told them what Santa was doing to bring them, and they asked her, "Why was Santa coming to you?" She told them that he wasn't coming there, wasn't going to be any Christmas for them because they were poor.

That stuck in Billie's craw, and he said he would go to Durbin and get something for em, and could still make his train in the afternoon or home.

That trail is bad enough in summer to say nothing about it in winter. One trip a day over that heat mountain slope is enough for any man. I don't see how Billie could have been so thoughtful of himself when he always was so thoughtful of others.

"Wal, sir, when he got to Durbin it was high noon, they say it was snowing hard and he was covered with the soft flakes. He never tarried, but as soon as he could get a sack full of lollies, drums, candy, oranges, and so forth he started for the hills. It was snowing hard when he came into town and drifting under a light wind when he turned back. And it got awfully cold—30 degrees below."

"You know the rest; they found him at the foot of the precipice, leaning, smiling, with the sack on his back no more than a quarter of a mile from the widdler's home. I believe, as the parson read, 'Insomuch as ye have done unto one of these.'

"The lumberjacks are not much for sentiment, but let me tell you, when old Sam had finished his story you could see that it had affected every one of them."—Philadelphia North American.

The chimney is made separately, painted red, and lined with white.

## A Frozen Santa

By Harry Boehme

## The Yuletide Dawn

By Victor Radcliffe

"I was in a Cheat mountain camp last Christmas eve when someone mentioned the name of 'Billie' Burke. There was an instant stillness in the cabin; the boys dropped their cards and the words 'poor Billie' were almost every lip. I was somewhat puzzled. 'Who was Billie Burke?' I inquired. For a moment no one answered. One of the boys called out 'old Sam—Uncle Sam' they called him. You tell him, Sam; you knew Billie longer than any of us.'

The boys all drew their chairs near the fire and Sam told the story.

"Yes, I knew Billie from the time he was a wee shaver; me and him used to play each other with stones, tree roots and steal whisky together. You know Billie and his pop were in the moonshinin' business before the revenue officers capped it."

"A bad case was that young Billie Burke before he was sent to the reform school. But what chances did he have? He knew no better; the whole blooming family were in that one-roomed log house; the old lady digging ginseng in the summer to get enough to buy the winter's supply of snuff and chewing tobacco, and the old man running his still in the ravines, using the corn for whisky that should have made fine cakes for the kids.

"Wal, sir, I never seen such a change in a youngster as Billie when he came back. He read; he wrote; wore good clothes and fine shoes, and he was a gentleman. His people didn't know him at first. Then Billie said he was going to meet it on the square."

While he was at home the last time we met the schoolmarm of the old Spring Spring school and he fell in love. I suppose, thought, he never said anything to no one but me; he said it to me real earnestly. Any gal

would have been proud to have Billie

a straight, strong, clean and good-hearted boy. Why, the president's daughter wouldn't say no to him.

"I can see him yet as he left this camp the last day I ever seed him. I done told him to wait for the log train that went along; but he couldn't wait. He started over the short-cut trail to Durbin—a six-mile tramp. There was some snow in the air; I thought it was snow. There seemed a terrible silence over the whole woods when Billie left at dawn. That was the last time I seed him alive. 'Goodby, Uncle Sam,' he shouted from the hill as he waved his hand; 'and a merry Christmas to you; don't get drunk. Be sure to make good resolutions for the New Year. Good-by!'

He stopped at the Widow Jones' house on his way to Durbin, and she and Billie drink a cup of hot coffee which she and the ladies were having breakfast. Then he told her about the Christmas he expected to spend at home. He was just bubbling over with joy, and the widow started to cry. At Christmas, she said, the thoughts of the ones that are departed are given in one's memory as the holly leaves that grow on the holly tree, and like a circle of holly leaves are they entwined in a wreath of memory.

Then Billie tried to comfort her, and asked her why she was crying. She said that her kiddies wanted to know about Santa Claus because the children who went strolling on the hill told them what Santa was doing to bring them, and they asked her, "Why was Santa coming to you?" She told them that he wasn't coming there, wasn't going to be any Christmas for them because they were poor.

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Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.  
Joy bells were ringing out upon the clear, frosty air, but their sweet tunefulness had little of cheer or comfort for Gabriel Monroe.

He had made his own life's history, and this was what made him somber this ideal winter's day—the day before Christmas. Pride had been humbled by regret; he was old, wearied, heart-sick. This was his second day home—if he could call it that—after a five years' sojourn in a foreign land. It all came back to him now, the patient appeals to his better soul pierced the frail armor of the heart he tried to make iron. He recalled the hour when his daughter, Eloise, had come to him with the news that his son, Gerald, had married against his wishes. On the moment, Gabriel Monroe had disowned him, banished him from heart and home. In vain had Eloise pleaded for her brother.

He closed the old mansion at once, announcing that he intended to live abroad. Eloise declined to go with him. Gerald was young, inexperienced without resources. Plainly she recited her duty to her father as she felt it. She would stay and help Gerald become a man.

Since his return, after a lapse during which—and not so much as written to his rejected children, he had learned that a little girl, enchanted, came to Gerald and his wife. His son had not made a great success in a business way. He had been ill and at present had a hard time making ends meet.

But he had turned out to be a diligent, earnest man. The gentle influence of a loving wife, the sisterly care of Eloise, had been his at all times. Eloise, her father held, was beloved of a worthy young engineer, at present at a distance.

Old Gabriel moved about uneasily in his luxurious armchair. He paced the apartment for an hour, he tried to read; his eyes caught a notice in the local paper. There was to be a Christmas sale at the village hall; he noted, under the auspices of a ladies' club, for the benefit of the poor. Why not go? Sooner or later he must meet old acquaintances.

The maddest, merriest of Christmas groups thronged the big hall. There were booths and counters and, near a bewildering Christmas tree, an immense papier mache creation in the form of a stocking, its province simulated a fishing well, for near by were poles and line, and upon payment of a fee a cast over into the top of the stocking brought up a gift, fastened on by someone concealed inside.

Old Gabriel made happy a score of little ones by paying for their fishing sponge. He bought several trinkets

and toys and distributed them freely. His heart was beginning to warm up. He met a few old friends. He lingered late. Some of his thoughts were turned into a new channel. The flood gates of sentiment were wide open in his heart for the first time in years.

The auctioneer of the occasion began to sell off what had not been disposed of. He came at last to the big stocking. Someone started a bid of ten dollars. Almost simultaneously old Gabriel doubled it. Thirty-four there was less in helping a good purpose. The auctioneer nursed the excitement of the bidders.

"What a Christmas the money will make for the poor!" he shouted. "Maybe the stocking isn't half empty—stocking and all there is in it goes to the highest bidder!"

"Forty-five!" sang out the town banker.

"Fifty!" nodded out Gabriel, and "Sold!" announced the auctioneer, highly pleased, and then, as everybody, excited and laughing, surrounded the fortunate purchaser, there came a tap from inside the stocking and a muffled voice sounded:

"Please let me out—it's dreadfully close in here!"

As a section of the papier mache contrivance moved apart, revealing the "foster maiden" of the occasion, out stepped Eloise.

"Father," she gasped.

He started and quivered. He had thought all these was in it." Upon the impulse of a moment rang all the future destiny of four souls. He opened his arms, the tears rushed to his eyes and Eloise was in his embrace.

It was the gossip of all the town how old Gabriel Monroe met and expanded the golden opportunity of his life that Christmas eve.

It was like a romance—the faithful

sister of Eloise telegraphed for the

discarded son, his wife, sweet little

Gerald, sent for and installed in a home

whence want and care were banished.

It was "grandpa" who carried the

one in his arms into the room

where the Christmas tree was all

abre and sparkling next morning,

and sweetened music to his storm-

but now heaven-bound soul

was the natural end.

"Oh, the beautiful—the beautiful!"

Several Honest Painters, slopping on the dope,  
Axle grease and whiting, cotton oil and soap,  
Any kind of job goes, either do it bum,  
Leaving town tomorrow: "I should worry some,"  
Don't fill up the nail holes, took this job so sow,  
Have to skin and skimp, or else we lose the dough,  
Never mind the scaly spots, slap the paint right on,  
He can't help himself boys, when we are done and gone.  
Said we'd give the tm two coats, one will be enough.  
Swear we gave it two, then let him snort and puff.  
Paint is getting thick, well, thin it down with gas,  
Anything will do boys, anything will pass.  
Slop and slash and smear and spoil, never use your head,  
Chalk and clay and whiting pure, anything but lead.  
Now we're done, collect the bill, let him foam an cuss,  
He will pay the bill, you bet, to get rid of us.  
Course he's through with us now, but we shook him down.  
Now we'll try our skinnin' game on some other town.

## Olen Featherstone

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### Beware How You Make New Year's Resolutions

Beware, gentle reader, for Janus—see nothing in it to cheer you up, nor

any I approaches. It is time for you a single bright spot.

To begin to pause in your wild and

woolly career for the nonce and con-

sider wisely and well the particular

style of good resolutions that it is

the your firm purpose to put into im-

mediate and drastic effect on that

matter, and waste a perfectly good

resolution. From my personal ex-

perience I know that it is a human

weakness, in a moment of sentiment

and saffron-hued regret, to tie

oneself up to aid iron bound and

ill-considered New Year's resolu-

tion that it takes frequently until

January 15 to separate oneself from

and then only with considerable men-

tal anguish and a bodily lacerated

consciousness.

I have on hand now a varied and

general job lot assortment of shop

worn good resolutions adopted unani-

mously by the committee on resolu-

tions at its annual meeting sometime

between the twenty-fifth and thirty-

first of December. None of these

resolutions has been used a long

time. They have not stayed on the

sides or wobbly in the holding from

excess of use. They look awfully

at this gaudy time of the year when one's bank account ap-

pears deliquescent and remorseful. This

is the time for a good resolution to make its strongest appeal to you.

You survey the field with an anxious eye, and looking for comfort and

solace. The good resolution steps

boldly forward with a smile; bright

and cheerful looking, with an open

honest face like the midwives book

agent's lips a blank into your ready

and nerveless hand and says, "now just sign here." You are in no men-

tal or physical condition to refuse.

You can't turn anything down, much

less a good resolution. It is likely

the night before you could not even

turn down the bed clothes, but prob-

ably rested your head on the pillow

and spread your classic form over

the hand-worked, snow-white counterpane.

You put your hand to your soft ivory, but thrashing nut, and